

The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leau me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praye it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vnearthly
It was i'th' Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaf'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Iones* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'euent o'th' Tourney
Prooue as successfull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vfe on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Buinesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

Leo. This Session (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Iustice, which shall haue due course,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation:

Produce the Prisoner.
Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraigned of High Treason,
in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,*

*and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sonne,
raigne Lord the King, thy Royall husband: the pretence whereof
being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con-
trary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst con-
saile and ayde them, for their better safetie, to flye away by
Night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integrity
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Historie can patterne, though deuic'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, for
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) for Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so vncurrent, I
Haue strayn'd 't appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry vpon my Graue.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*

(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:

With such a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:

Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude

To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spok'd,
Euen since it could speake, from an Infaut, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,

I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;

And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Working no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnder'ta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fad are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auails: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauer)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My selfe on euery Post
Proclam'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limitt. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here alieue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Icalousies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father,
Oh that he were alieue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The statnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. *Dio.* All this we sweare.

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo
a true Subject, Leontes a zealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Prayfed.

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Officer. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:

The Sessions shall proceed: this

Ser. My Lord the King: th

Leo. What is the buinesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated

The Prince your Sonne, with m

Of the Queenes speed, is gone

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the

Doe strike at my iniustice. Ho

Paul. This newes is mortall to

And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o're-charg'd:

I haue too much beleu'd mine

'Beseech you tenderly apply to

Some remedies for life. *Apollo*

My great prophaneesse gain'd

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,

New woe my Queene, recall th

(Whom I proclaime a man of

For being transported by my

To bloody thoughts, and to reu

Camillo for the minister, to po

My friend *Polixenes*: which ha

But that the good mind of *Car*

My swift command: though I

Reward, did threaten and enco

Not doing it, and being done:

And fill'd with Honor) to my

Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his

(Which you knew great) and d

Of all Incertainties, himselfe

No richer then his Honor: Ho

Through my Rust? and how hi

Do's my deeds make the black

Paul. Woe the while:

O cut my Lace, least my heart

Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? go

Paul. What studied torme

What Wheeles? Racks? Fires?

In Leads, or Oyles? What old

Must I receiue? whose euery w

To taste of thy most worst. T

(Together working with thy

Fancies too weake for Boyes, t

For Girls of Nine) O thinke

And then run mad indeed: sta

Thy by-gone fooleries were b

That thou betrayed'st *Polixen*

(That did but shew thee, of a

And damnable ingratefull: N

Thou would'st haue payson'd

To haue him kill a King: po

More monstrous standing by

The casting forth to Crowes,

To be or none, or little; thou

Would haue shed water out o

Nor is't directly layd to thee,

Of the young Prince, whose h

(Thoughts high for one so ter

That could conceiue a grosse

Blemish'd his gracious Dam

Layd to thy answer: but the

When I haue said, cry woe: th